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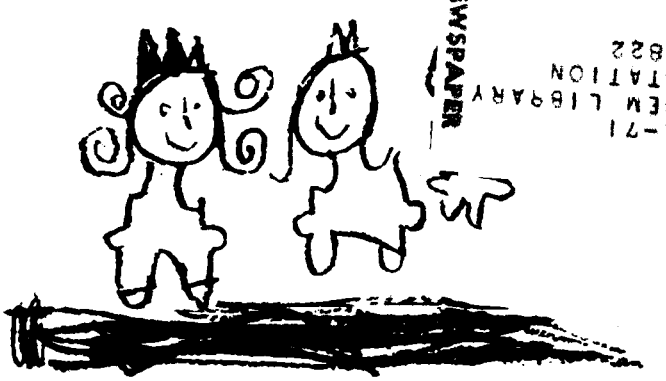
EDUCATION ISSUE

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THEOLOGY?
RICHARD P. McBRIEN

THE POLITICS OF DAY CARE
MARION MEADE



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THE STRANGULATION OF FRESNO STATE
BARRY HILLENBRAND

JOHN DEMOS ON CREMIN'S **COLONIAL EDUCATION** **GERARD S. SLOYAN** ON MORAN'S **ECUMENICAL EDUCATION**

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING OSCAR
COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

SNIFFING OUT SUPER-SNOOPERS
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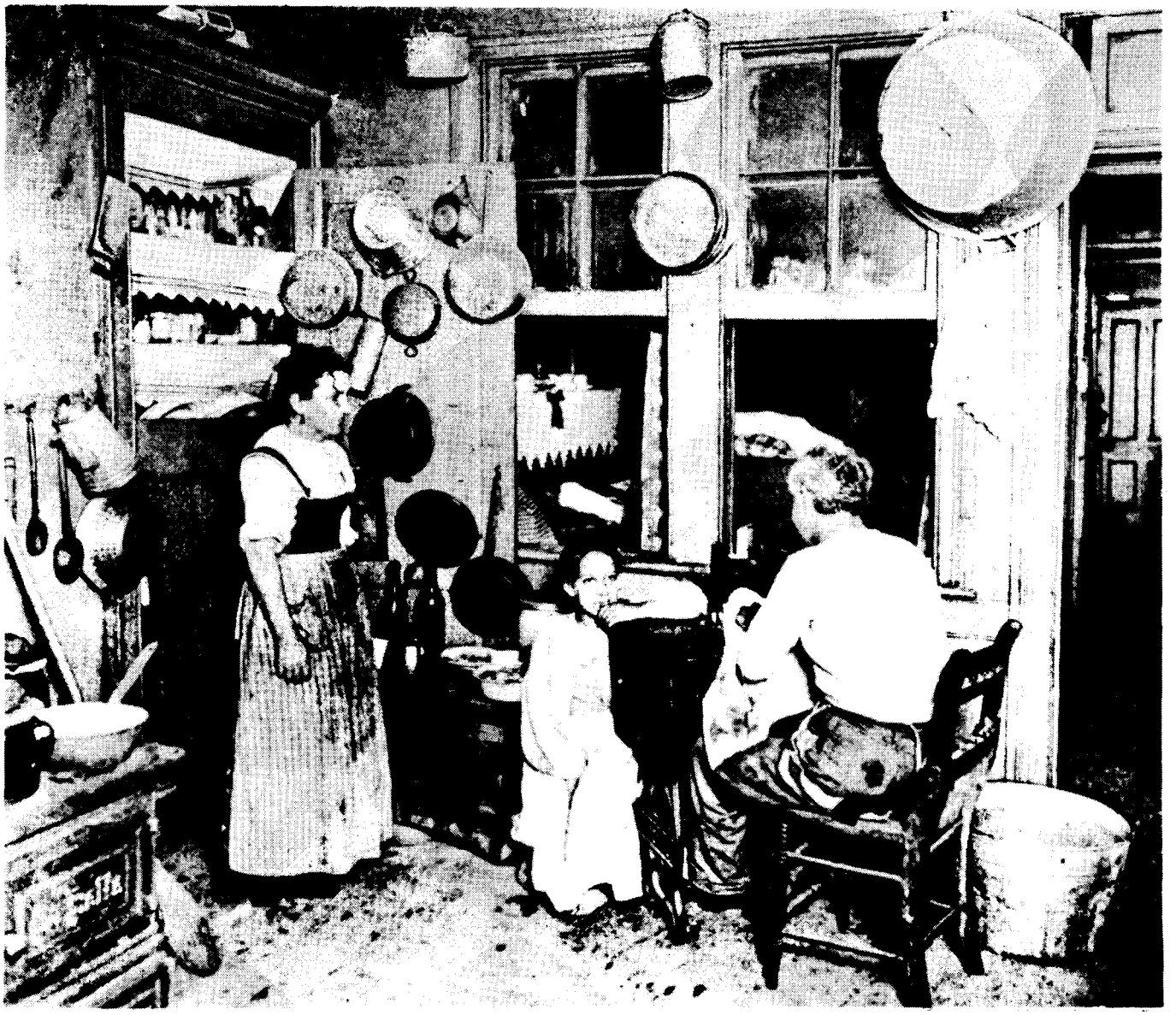

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NEWS & VIEWS

Viet Catholics for Peace

Two Vietnamese Catholic priests—Father Truong Ba Can, historian and essayist, and Father Chan Tin, editor of the recently suppressed monthly, *Doi Dien*—have been sentenced by the Thieu regime to nine months in prison on charges of "dissemination of ideas considered favorable to the Communists."

The convictions are seen putting Thieu, himself a Catholic, into confrontation with what has been his most stable power base—Catholics.

Meanwhile, concerned at last that Catholics are being cynically used by the regime to foster an image of broad support for the war, Catholic intellectuals of South Vietnam have organized a committee to marshal their coreligionists into a cohesive force for peace.

Known as the Committee for the Formation of a Catholic Movement Working for Peace, the group is enrolling supporters on a policy position advocating "the largest concessions possible" at the Paris negotiations, and reunification and "national reconciliation" at home.

The latter, says the statement of purpose, "can be realized only when the foreigner will have abandoned his maneuvers and his masked design to establish his domination of this country."

The statement speaks positively of the Pope and the Vietnamese bishops. The challenge now, it says, is to complement their "repeated appeals" by forming in Vietnam "a Catholic movement for peace."

Polluted Profit

Ivy League institutions haven't lost their hard business sense to their ecological consciences. At least the University of Pennsylvania hasn't.

Penn recently unloaded most of its 33,363 shares of General Motors—not because of G.M.'s foot-dragging on clean air standards, but because it thought profit margins would be cut by anti-pollution laws being imposed on the industry.

James M. Skinner, chairman of the trustees' investment committee, confirmed both sale and reasoning.

Penn's practicality meant a profit of $1,597,270.70.

Defensing Against Nixon

Walter Pincus, chief investigator for the Symington Subcommittee inquiry into American military commitments abroad and their influence on foreign policy, includes a helpful hint for watchdogs in his *Washington Post* review of the 1,112 page, agate-type Appendix to the federal budget.

That is, those in Congress who seek to limit Presidential power through appropriation amendments must first peel eyes for gimmicks like the Executive branch's "trans-authority."

Pincus notes that buried in small print on page 350 is a "general provision" which the Nixon Administration seeks to attach to the overall $76 billion defense budget. The language, says Pincus, would permit the Defense Secretary to transfer up to $1 billion from one appropriated fund to another without first getting Congressional approval.

The implication: "The Congress could go through hearings and debate over the size of ABM spending only to find some time later that the Defense Secretary . . . has used this authority to substantially increase the funds. Should a new military undertaking be deemed necessary—in Cambodia, Laos or even North Vietnam—U.S participation could be funded with funds transferred from this account."

Pincus also points out that the old $20 million contingency fund under which the President could provide foreign natural-disaster assistance is being increased to $100 million and the fund's usages broadened. "This new appropriation—if approved as sought—would give the President money to be used for military or economic assistance in a new Cambodia situation without the requirement that funds be sought from and thus approved by Congress," Pincus writes.

Budget hearings are presently being conducted in Washington, and the various appropriations bills will begin to dribble out for action by Congress during May, with the entire budget theoretically settled by June 30.

Pincus' piece in the *Post* dramatizes what careful fretting out must be done, if the nation is to be protected against the unwitting financing of more wild adventures, like Cambodia and Laos.

Odds and Ends

—The March 28 issue wasn't what you'd call a banner one for *Twin Circle*. The P-1 lead was "Why We Need the SST." Wrong guess; the Senate consigned the plane to the ash heap while *Twin Circle* was in the mails. Inside, columnist Paul Scott opened with the declaration, "The North Vietnamese appear to be delaying their big counter-offensive in Laos until next month." The last South Vietnamese marines covering the rout from Laos had high-tailed it home three days before.

—The doomsday message of Civil Defense officials of Dade County, Florida, prepared for broadcast during a nuclear emergency, qualifies as one of the nuttiest stunts of the cold war. The enemy has "struck the first blow," the message divined, but be calm: "Our Strategic Air Command and naval units have devastated many of his major cities and industrial centers. Our defense forces have retaliated with tremendous effectiveness and probability of victory is good." It was crazy enough to startle the Strangeloves. Regional Civil Defense headquarters in Georgia gulped and ordered the message destroyed.

—A survey of Indians on New York State reservations shows that 15 percent think Americans should get out of Vietnam, while 85 percent think they should get out of the U.S.

—Nancy Ross' reading in the *Post* of the hot-pants and granny - gown fashion - show which featured the Seventh Annual Multiple Sclerosis Luncheon patronized by Washington society (including Mrs. Spiro Agnew): It "was a bit like the Frazier-Ali fight crowd being given an hour of Swan Lake."

JOHN DEEDY

Vadillo, *Siempre*, Mexico

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CORRESPONDENCE

Parish Schools & Community

Lincoln Park, Mich.

To the Editors: What the Catholic in Mary Perkins Ryan's camp has never considered in any depth is the *potential* of the Catholic school in terms of service to the wider community.

Is one's view of the future of Catholic schools necessarily tied to the present pastoral position they have? (Mrs. Ryan is a liturgist.) This question is particularly pertinent if one considers Father George Elford's point which suggests that the trouble with our schools is a symptom of deeper trouble ["School Crisis—or Parish Crisis?" Jan. 29].

Surely there is room to explore ways to transform Catholic schools to serve the community in the light of Vatican II. To set categorically the preservation of Catholic schools against the vision of Vatican II is superficial. Corporations of parents to run them might very well be one way to live out the spirit of Vatican II and the principle of *e pluribus unum* in America.

It is ironic that the liberals seem tied to a view that places the semi-public school in the context of the pastoral work of the church rather than in the context of education in a free society.

JOHN CLANCY

Does 'Love' Mean 'Kill'?

Ontario, Canada

To the Editors: In the February 26, 1971 issue Mary Daly reviews James Cone's book, *A Black Theology of Liberation*. Summarizing Cone, Mary Daly says, "The oppressed community alone is capable of determining the means it should use for this purpose (liberation), and whatever means it chooses are right." Later she quotes Cone, "As the oppressed community recognize their situation in the light of God's revelation, they know now that they should have killed him (the oppressor) instead of 'loving' him." In the

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RENEWING THE MINISTRY

The new program of priestly formation announced by the American Catholic bishops is so elementary in its logic and so patently practical that one marvels it was not introduced years ago. It could have been too, for the principle of keying the seminary to the "real world" is not a particularly novel thought. For years the idea belonged to the philosophy of critics of seminary policy, and it is reasonable to suggest that the state of the ministry today would be considerably different if the hierarchy had heeded those old proposals. Indeed, the bishops' linking of the new program to directives set out in Vatican Council II makes one wonder over a delay which measures, accordingly, at least five-and-a-half years; Vatican II ended in 1965. An approach this leisurely to a problem which long cried for attention did little to relieve the crisis of a relevant ministry.

There is now, however, a prescription for reforming seminary training, and this can only be applauded. For if the Catholic ministry is to be meaningfully renewed, the starting point must be the seminary itself, where priestly formation takes place. Hence hopes are high for a program such as that now approved, which aims at developing the personal and emotional maturity of seminarians, which seeks to sharpen their secular consciousness, and which stresses the social as well as spiritual dimension of their ministry. One of the reasons the Catholic ministry became mired in trouble is traceable to the detached, incubator-like atmosphere in which the clergy was shaped; the world seldom conforms totally to its classroom and textbook descriptions.

The new program for training priests would bridge old distances between theory and fact by giving traditional studies a stronger pastoral orientation and (by way of vindicating seminary critics of yesterday) by introducing "field education" into the curriculum, thus bringing the seminarian into direct contact with secular realities. Listed as areas that would contribute to the spiritual, academic and pastoral formation of the future priest are study of social legislation concerning civil rights, health, education and welfare; social action programs, such as work in disadvantaged areas and with community organizations; and special ministries to the sick, aged, migrants, urban poor, to business, industry and campus. This seems a wise delineation, and the various seminaries will be able to adjust according to the needs of their geographical location. In other words, individual semi-

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naries will have considerable latitude in developing specific training courses.

The new program is mandated for a five-year period, whereupon it will be adjusted and revised in the light of experience and changing circumstances—as should be the case. No training system is ever so ideal as not to need periodic reevaluation. Another reason the old system headed into trouble was because officialdom stood pat—and suddenly found its seminaries educating for times long gone. It is against a similar happenstance that the bishops are now prudently safeguarding.

If it is possible, however, to be hopeful over the new program of priestly formation, outright enthusiasm is counterbalanced by the recent extension of the church's hard line on priests who have left the ministry. The problems of the Catholic ministry are not so simple as to be able to be handled one-dimensionally. To solve the seminary situation, while maintaining what is in essence a policy of vindictiveness toward priests who leave (many because of a ministerial misformation for which the church itself is responsible), is to defeat a large part of one's renewal purposes.

The U.S. bishops' seminary document, approved beforehand by Rome, speaks movingly of "a faith community, an apostolic community." However, the "do's and don'ts" directive of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith to the world's bishops on the separation of priests from the ministry makes community seem a terribly selective sentiment in the church as a whole.

RUN IT UP THE ANTENNA

If you asked us last week, we'd have said that it would be pretty hard for the Nixon Administration to surprise us. Well, maybe that's not quite true; we never cease to be astonished at the Orwellian note in many of the Administration's foreign policy statements, e.g., when the U.S. restricts the fighting in Indochina by widening the war, protects the Cambodians by bombing them into the mud, etc. etc. On the domestic front, though, the Nixon pattern is fairly predictable.

That's why the Nixon switch on the question of campaign spending caught us by surprise. Under the President's leadership, the Republicans have till now fought effective limits on such spending tooth and nail. Nothing particularly surprising about that, either; the GOP in the last election was able—literally—to spend twice as much on TV as the Democrats, and Mr. Nixon accordingly vetoed a measure that would have put limits on such spending, offering in its place a milquetoast measure sponsored by GOP Senator Hugh Scott. Now, out of the blue, the Administration has dumped that proposal and endorsed most of the key features of the original legislation, including limits on TV spending, and causing considerable speculation in Washington. Said one seasoned commentator: "The Administration will be forced to publicly support reform while seeking behind the scenes to render any prospective legislation either toothless or so riddled with controversial provisions as to defy Congressional passage." For our part, we refuse to entertain any such notion for a minute; if there's one thing we can't stand, it's a cynic.

Sniffing Out The Super-Snoopers

Probably the most revealing comment to come out of the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights hearings into the Federal Government's data bank empire is the admission of subcommittee staff director Lawrence M. Baskir that after 13 months of investigation "we don't have a clear idea of what we don't know."

Testimony by a parade of witnesses frequently left observers with the impression that a technological 1984 had snuck up on us: information, often inaccurate and derogatory, is stored, recorded and freely exchanged across government data banks. Computers spew out information and citizens are turned down for jobs, insurance or loans; or even blackmailed, defamed or victimized by political reprisals.

A heavy-handed Army data collection, outgrowth of the Army's entry into the civil disturbance field after the 1967 riots, was unable to distinguish between violent and nonviolent activities. "My superiors," one ex-snooper testified, "could not differentiate between the Weatherman faction of Students for a Democratic Society and the American Friends Service Committee."

The snoopers would have gone on their own untrammeled way but for an overzealous net that snared Sen. Adlai E. Stevenson III (D-Ill.) and Rep. Abner Mikva (D-Ill.), disclosure of which propelled Sen. Sam J. Ervin's subcommittee hearings on government data banks' abuse of privacy into front-page news.

The Senator, a former judge of the North Carolina Supreme Court and a strict constitutionalist, has for years been delivering heavily documented Senate speeches to thunderous silence, warning that an elaborate system of undercover snooping and computerized dossier-keeping, in the name of internal security, is trampling the constitutionally-protected liberties of millions of Americans.

Despite the obvious magnet of dossier-collecting on public figures, Ervin warned that the real abuses did not involve politicians. Public officeholders "are persons whose careers are founded in controversy and politics. They are the last Americans who would be intimidated

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by political surveillance." Nevertheless, Ervin had struck paydirt after being ignored in previous efforts to get top Defense Department civilian officials to demand an accounting of military snooping.

Defense Secretary Melvin R. Laird, with a political antenna finely tuned by 16 years in the House, ordered a reorganization of Defense intelligence activity requiring all undercover groups to report directly to him rather than to the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the individual service secretaries. "I want to be certain that the Department of Defense intelligence and counter-intelligence activities are completely consistent with the constitutional rights and other legal provisions and national security needs," Laird said. "These activities must be conducted in a manner which recognizes and preserves individual human rights."

So much for Laird's intent last Dec. 23—days after the political spying disclosures.

Then, on Feb. 19, quoting informed Pentagon sources, the *Washington Star* reported that Laird backed off a major reorganization of military intelligence for now because of "vigorous resistance" from the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

And with the passage of time and the lessening of interest, Assistant Attorney General William H. Rehnquist last month became even more emboldened and opposed legislation that would open the door to "unnecessary and injudicial supervision" of the government's information-gathering activities. "Self-discipline," he told the Ervin panel, "on the part of the executive branch will provide an answer to virtually all of the legitimate complaints against excesses of information gathering." Not mentioned was why self-discipline had failed to stop excesses in the past.

Robert Mardian, newly appointed assistant attorney general for internal security, followed Rehnquist by a week as a witness and admitted that despite disclosures of abuses the Justice Department has no specific regulation on its intelligence-gathering functions. The Internal Security Division has taken over the function of gathering civil disturbance intelligence, which was the work of the Army's domestic intelligence project.

The military snooping, Ervin feels, presented a fairly simple case of "data banking run wild" with witnesses testifying to its intimidating effect on anti-war activity.

More complex problems are posed by sophisticated data collecting by government agencies for legitimate ends, such as by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, or the Department of Transportation's national driver register preventing motorists barred in one state from applying in other states, or Project SEARCH, a 10-state prototype network for the collection and exchange of standardized criminal histories. As originally developed by Justice's Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, the Project included a careful code of ethics with built-in protection for individual privacy.

But Sen. Charles Mac. Mathias (R-Md.) testified that when Attorney General John N. Mitchell transferred the prime responsibility for development of a nationwide system to the FBI, his internal directive made no reference to privacy issues or the fate of standards shaped by the SEARCH project.

HEW Secretary Elliot L. Richardson conceded in his appearance before the Ervin panel the "potential for harm inherent" in the Government's computerized information banks.

At stake is what Justice Brandeis called "the right most valued by civilized men, the right to be left alone." And yet we cannot like Luddites turn back the clock by wrecking the technology we have produced. The problem is to develop stern controls, as Dr. Wiesner has suggested, "to reap the maximum assistance from modern technology in running a better society and at the same time . . . keep it from dominating us."

Sen. Birch Bayh (D-Ind.) in the Senate and Rep. Edward Koch (D-N.Y.) in the House have introduced identical bills that would require every government agency to notify a citizen that a record on him is being kept, permit him to correct errors and refute abusive statements and notify him of transfers of information. Ervin agrees with these controls but would go even further, restricting computer input and output and limiting transfers of information. Above all, he feels that the problems of computer technology are too vast to be dealt with in one statute. He sees the need for an independent regulatory agency to act as ombudsman with built-in protections to make sure that it serves the interests of the individual citizen and not, as is so often the case with regulatory agencies, the interests of those it is supposed to regulate.

Whether Ervin can generate enough momentum from the hearings to get a meaningful bill through Congress is problematical. He is bucking an attitude typified by that of Sen. Roman L. Hruska (R-Nebr.), ranking Republican on the Constitutional Rights Subcommittee, who feels that collection of large quantities of data, especially in law enforcement, is desirable and that there already are enough laws on the books to prevent abuses.

CHARLES RABB

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CALLEY AND THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE

PETER STEINFELS

No one lives today in the rubble and ruins which were once Mylai. The survivors live nearby where several weeks ago they mournfully kept the anniversary of that awful morning three years ago. Hundreds of civilians were slaughtered that day. Had they been enemy soldiers, their execution in such circumstances would have still been an atrocity committed against the laws of war and military honor which our soldiers are pledged to uphold. They were, in fact, women, old men, children, babies. The village's buildings were razed, blown up, burned; the bodies of dead Vietnamese were tossed in the flames. GIs bayoneted cows. The wells were polluted with dead bodies. Mylai and its villagers were "wasted." It was not a big deal. The man who was in charge is now a national hero.

There are some good reasons not to be satisfied with the outcome of Lieutenant Calley's court martial. If Lieutenant Calley is guilty, then so are a lot of others, goes one common complaint. Calley's a scapegoat, goes another. And there is always the question of whether military justice is more military or more justice.

Whatever the truth of these allegations, the response to the Calley conviction has not stopped there. Imagine that the troops of some other nation massacre the inhabitants of a village. Several soldiers are tried and acquitted. Silence. One is charged with personally murdering 102 persons; he is convicted of murdering 22. Immediately the country is in an uproar. The capitol is flooded with protests, the convicted man with pledges of support. Regional legislatures petition for his release, and important regional officials order flags flown at half mast or other symbolic gestures of solidarity. The nation's second highest official growls that military operations "are not subject to Monday morning quarterback judgments." The chief executive seems to respond favorably to this pressure.

At the same time another soldier, convicted of premeditated murder of twelve villagers in a separate incident, is released after serving less than ten months in jail. One of the nation's more important politicians announces the release and the efforts under way to reinstate the soldier in the armed forces—and give him back pay.

Again—an ex-officer of an "elite" unit publicizes the fact that he did indeed commit the sensational murder he had previously denied. The government had refused to try him; it does nothing now.

If all this happened in Germany, we would declare a resurgence of Nazism. If it happened in Israel, the whole world would denounce it. If it happened in Egypt or among the Palestinians, there would be talk of the cruelest barbarism. But when it happens in America?

Mylai is no longer a village in Vietnam. It is a cancer in the conscience of America. We know what happened. Books described it. Full-color photographs were published in our national mass circulation magazines. Our President, fifteen months ago, called it "certainly a massacre."

Many Americans are simply confused, of course. They are confused on the question of "orders." They see the sum of horrors which this war is, and they rightly feel that Calley *alone* cannot be the one held guilty. The six jurors who unanimously reached their verdict were confused, too. Five of them were veterans of Vietnam combat. They felt compassion for Calley, but had no stomach for the deed. That, apparently is not the case with a large number of their fellow citizens. Explicitly or implicitly, they do not believe that what occurred at Mylai was wrong. In all the protests, the jungle paths strewn with bodies weigh very lightly.

The men, women and infants of Mylai were slaughtered as cruelly and senselessly as were the victims of the Tate murder. At Mylai, however, the victims were hundreds more; you and I armed the killers. Is this nation taking a mass "Manson murder" to its heart as an act of patriotic duty, of soldierly duty? Are our consciences that stunted, our sensitivities so shrivelled?

Much cant has been written about this or that nation being *sick*: but this time those responsible in any way for America's spiritual health had better seriously ponder the possibility.

Will the American bishops, at their forthcoming meeting, speak out without equivocation or evasion? Will they declare that certain practices revealed by the Calley testimony—e.g., marching civilians in front of a unit to test for land mines—cannot be condoned by *any* accepted Christian teaching on war? And that the law of God extends even to areas where the United States is conducting military operations?

Will the President truly avoid the "easy and popular course"; and, however he may deal with Calley, insist that slaughtering women and children is not an act within the compass of patriotic duty and honor?

Guilt, guilt—the pundits warn us we must not overdo the guilt. They seem to be afraid that we might actually find someone guilty. The leftish demagogues are afraid we might find the wrong people guilty.

We will not answer harder questions about the war and war crimes by deadening our abhorrence of acts like Mylai. The comment of Mylai by one brave juror is also the best judgment on the national response: "I wanted to believe it didn't happen."

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WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THEOLOGY?

There is no doubt that theology is in some kind of trouble today

RICHARD P. McBRIEN

A professor in the divinity school of one of the nation's most prestigious universities was complaining one evening about the low state to which theological publishing seems to have fallen. Although he has already produced at least three books, he is having trouble finding a publisher for his latest excursion into the area of philosophical theology.

One of his colleagues is having similar difficulties, the advantages of a distinguished surname notwithstanding. According to the complaint, the only theology regarded as worth publishing these days is of the "pop" variety, which usually caters to fads and sensationalism.

The problem is particularly acute because in the field of theology, unlike some of the other academic disciplines (such as the social sciences or even the humanities), most of the important communication occurs through books rather than through articles in the professional journals. (A notable exception to the rule was Bultmann's essay on demythologization, published thirty years ago.) When theologians cannot get their ideas distributed in book form, their range of influence is proportionately reduced, and, more significantly, they no longer benefit from the sustained criticism which book-length argument can elicit from one's colleagues. How much better, for example, would Teilhard de Chardin's theological work have been if he had been allowed to publish freely while he was alive? His attempt to reconcile Christian faith and scientific thought would undoubtedly have provoked a vigorous scholarly exchange, of value not only to Teilhard himself but also to the whole church.

In a recent book review in the *Andover Newton Quarterly* (January, 1971), Dean George Peck suggests, on the other hand, that professional theologians are at least as much to blame for their present problems as any outside forces. He writes that "it does not take a very sophisticated mind to discern that theology is currently in serious trouble. . . . The giants in the field have departed, and their disciples or anti-disciples seem to have little better to do than to try to one-up each other with slogans or catch-cries. It is as if we imagined that new directions could be found simply in the proliferation of encapsulated 'theologies of this or that,' provided only that they are announced with fanfare proper to a 'dramatic new breakthrough.'

"' re serious scholarship is being carried on in the discipline," Peck continues, "it often does not rise above the level of the increasingly intricate rehashing of the thought of our forebears . . . , especially as this is allegedly illuminated by the discovery of some previously hidden connection between them and their supposed cultural and intellectual mentors ('You cannot *really* understand so-and-so unless you see that he was ultimately dependent at this point upon Hegel, or better still, upon some obscure German whose work has never been translated!'). Meanwhile, as Milton has it, 'The hungry sheep look up and are not fed.' "

Is contemporary Christian theology really in such terrible shape? Have publishers, editors and authors alike been so greedy for short-term gains that they have now effectively eaten themselves out of house and home? Are we left only with the choice between superficiality and obscurantism? Was the momentum generated during

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the 1960s artificially contrived, after all? Is there no residual thrust that can get theology moving again in the 1970s? Is this the time, in fact, for hand-wringing, post-mortem analyses ("Where have we failed? What shall we do now?")?

Trouble

Theology is in some kind of trouble today; there seems to be no doubt about that. Religious books departments have either suspended or sharply reduced their output. Theologians don't seem to be writing the books that once excited the church of the 1960s. The shock of recognition hits especially hard when one is asked to nominate a few theological works for annual awards. There is no question at all of paring down such a list to manageable proportions, but of building one up, almost of artificially inflating, if not creating it.

Two or three years ago an article of this kind on the state of contemporary Christian theology could have been written in a spirit of positive ebullience. Theology seemed to be in robust condition and, like the stock market of the same period, it could only continue to go up and up and up. But in the world of the market too much bull begot the bear, and some people think that the same thing may have happened in religious publishing.

The 1960s at least brought an end to the idea and practice of theology as an exclusively ecclesiastical discipline, serving only the needs of the church and especially of its future priests and ministers. For decades theologians in the Roman Catholic tradition assumed that the doing of theology meant the interpretation, explanation and defense of the doctrinal formulations of the church. The first task of the Catholic professor of theology was the faithful presentation of Catholic doctrine (this is exactly how it is described in a recent essay, "Obedience to the Ordinary Magisterium," by Cardinal Carlo Colombo, in the collection *Obedience in the Church*, Corpus Books, 1968). Karl Rahner once called this "Denzinger theology." The tag stuck, and so, too, the opprobrious connotation.

Similarly, theologians in the evangelical and neo-Reformation Protestant tradition assumed that the doing of theology meant the interpretation, explanation and defense of the biblical formulations of God. The first task of the Protestant professor of theology is the faithful exposition of God's holy Word (see, for example, Karl Barth's reflections on the task of theology in such popular works of his as *Dogmatics in Outline* and *Evangelical Theology*). There was a brief moment in the early 1960s when the Roman Catholic tradition came abreast of Reformation thought. We can see evidence of it in some of the catechetical writing of that time (Catholics spoke excitedly of the "good news of salvation," of "Christocentric proclamation," and of "the wonderful works of God in history"), and we can see its mark in the documents of the Second Vatican Council, especially the Dogmatic Constitution on Divine Revelation *(Dei Verbum)*. But catechists and theologians discovered almost immediately that kerygmatic-biblical language could be as formalistic and as disconnected from life as the doctrinal-scholastic language it had earlier replaced. It was just about that time that Catholics began reading Bonhoeffer, Cox, Bishop Robinson, and others. There were more than two ways of doing theology, after all.

It is understood more widely today that theology is not exclusively a matter of doctrinal and biblical exposition. On the contrary, doctrinal and biblical formulations are themselves products of theological reflection. To define theology by one or two of its principal products begs the question. We have to get inside the product and analyze the process itself.

The term "theology" is applicable to any and every attempt to express in language man's presumed perception of transcendence in his experience and in his history. *Christian* theology is a qualification of the theological process. Christians presume that they have perceived transcendent reality, in a definitive and climactic way, breaking into human history and human experience through the person of Jesus of Nazareth

The Bible is one of the principal products of theological reflection. It represents the attempt of both the Israelite and primitive Christian communities to express in language the perception of God which they presumably experienced in certain historical events and personal

encounters and particularly in the life and ministry, the death and resurrection, of Jesus. Doctrines, too, are products of theological reflection. They are official formulations of faith, constructed by the leadership of the community, as representative of the thinking of the whole community. Doctrine serves the unity as well as the clarity of faith.

Although post-biblical and post-doctrinal theology must take these earlier products into account if Christian theology is not to fall victim to historical amnesia and thereby lose touch with its own tradition, such theology can no longer define itself exclusively by reference to these prior sources.

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How and why did Christian theology lose its ecclesiastical preoccupations, adopting instead a more secular, world-oriented outlook? Why did this change take place?

Behind the Change

1. *The call and convening of the Second Vatican Council.* When Pope John XXIII first announced the Council on January 25, 1959, he seems to have caught everyone off guard. Some seminary professors of ecclesiology had been telling their students, for example, that the infallibility and primacy decisions of Vatican I had rendered another ecumenical council completely superfluous. The Pope is supreme. All else, including church councils, is secondary and subordinate. (Some day someone may be able to collate all of the preconciliar agenda suggestions sent into Rome from the various dioceses of North America. The collated material would provide, I think, a sobering reminder of the parochial and ecclesio-centric thinking of much of the Catholic church of America, even of its putative *periti.*)

The call and convening of Vatican II placed new and heavy pressures on mainstream Roman Catholic theology. If the Council was not going to provide simply a paraphrase or an italicizing of traditional doctrine, then some of the progressive—and heretofore peripheral—theology of Germany, France, Belgium and the Netherlands would have to be brought into service. The doctrinal-scholastic tradition really had little to contribute beyond reaffirmation and exhortation. At least the Rahners, the Congars, the Küngs, and others, had been thinking and writing about some of the things Pope John wanted the Council to discuss, and, as happens in almost every similar situation, the people who do their homework rise quickly, or at least eventually, to the top—if only by default.

The Council created an enormous market for theology. The Catholic church in particular was changing at a rapid pace and people wanted and needed a fuller explanation. During much of the last decade, theologians responded to the call, through lectures, articles, books, symposia, encyclopedias, journals and so forth. If there is, in fact, less widespread interest in theology today, it may mean that there is also less interest not only in the Second Vatican Council but, more radically, in the institutional church itself. Are we in the midst of a period when concern for religious questions and concern for religious institutions are rising and falling in inverse proportion to one another? (The popularity of Eastern mysticism is a case in point.) If this is true, it should not be surprising that theological writings which retain a preoccupation with ecclesiastical issues have less chance of surviving in the publishing market (obviously, I do not refer here to those small conservative houses where business is thriving) than those which are prepared to enter into fuller, genuine dialogue with the situation outside the theological circle. The Council itself, in its celebrated "signs of the times" section of the Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the Modern World, tried to do its own theology according to this method of correlation (between "message" and "situation") rather than the more traditional doctrinal or biblical methods, which it did, in fact, employ elsewhere (e.g., chapters II and III of the Dogmatic Constitution on the Church).

2. *The (delayed) influence of Teilhard de Chardin.* This second factor is closely related to the first. Teilhard himself had significant influence on the Council, especially in the aforementioned Pastoral Constitution, *Gaudium et Spes.* He opened Christian theology to the positive values of the world and reminded the church that it is itself a part of the process of historical and cultural evolution. Such ideas would have been condemned as "modernist" in the early decades of the twentieth century and were, in fact, questioned by the Holy Office in its 1962 *monitum* on Teilhard's writings.

3. *The publication of Bishop John Robinson's* Honest to God *in the spring of 1963.* This work, more than any other published in the last decade, brought serious theological issues (God, Christ, church) and serious theological practitioners (Tillich, Bultmann, Bonhoeffer) to the attention of an exceedingly large, nonspecialist reading public. It is not unimportant that *Honest to God* appeared in the midst of Vatican II. The book came at the right time for Catholics as well as for Protestants.

4. *The (delayed) influence of Dietrich Bonhoeffer.* In his famous prison letter of April 30, 1944, Bonhoeffer had asked how Christ could be Lord even of those without religion and how the church could serve in a world come of age. The questions and the answers he sketched marked the beginning of "secular theology" which is, despite some premature death notices, still with us and still influencing many people in the church. The new social and political activism of Christians during the past several years is traceable, at least in part, to the orientation given the church by this martyred Lutheran pastor-theologian and by the many writers influenced by him. (This fourth factor is clearly related to the third, for it was Robinson's *Honest to God* which really brought Bonhoeffer to the attention of the church.)

The preceding decade had begun portentously with Pope Pius XII's condemnation of the "new theology" in *Humani Generis.* It was a decade where religious publishing was dominated by the Sheens, the Peales, and the Grahams—not to mention missals and prayer books—and politics by Eisenhower and, for a time, by Joseph McCarthy. It was the era of the so-called silent generation on campus. The Catholic church tried

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its best to keep in step: the Rahners, the John Courtney Murrays, the Congars, the deLubacs, *et al.*, were experiencing intermittent periods of enforced silence and sometimes even exile. But the papal and presidential elections of 1958 and 1960 changed much of that, and the call and convening of Vatican II put on most of the finishing touches. Theology was on the way.

Somewhere along the line, however, it went off the track. It should have entered the 1970s in a position of strength; instead the situation looks so depressed and depleted that even distinguished university professors are having trouble getting publishers interested in their material because publishers are now having trouble getting very many potential readers interested in this material.

Some people want to blame the publishers; some want to blame the theologians; some may want to blame them both. I think the problem is much more complex than that. We have come, in these last ten years, to a profoundly new understanding of ourselves—psychologically, sociologically, politically, culturally and historically. Some of the more widely read books (such as Toffler's *Future Shock* and Charles Reich's *The Greening of America*) describe ours as a time of major, even revolutionary, change. Religious writers like Robert Adolfs have spoken of the new phenomenon of "rapidation" (*The Grave of God*) and Gregory Baum has written of this period as a time when cultural change is so pronounced that the church must now thoroughly refocus its understanding of the Gospel (*The Credibility of the Church Today*).

Whatever the source(s) of the trouble, good theology is still being done today, even if its product is less visible and less accessible than before. And oftentimes people whom we normally don't refer to as "theologians" are among those doing the best theology. Such theology is operating on at least two levels: the secular-dialogic and the ecclesio-political.

Secular-dialogic theology (also called correlative, juxtapositional, and prospective by Tillich, Cox, and Baum) treats traditional theological problems in the light of whatever serious scientific and humanistic material happens to be available. It is the antithesis of the ecclesiastically-oriented biblical and doctrinal theologies discussed above. Thus, Eugene Fontinell and Eulalio Baltazar treat the problem of God in the light of pragmatic and processive philosophy (*Toward a Reconstruction of Religion* and *God Within Process*). Gregory Baum examines both the God and the church questions in the light of psychology and the sociology of religion (*Man Becoming*). Secular-dialogic theology is what Johannes Metz calls "political theology" and what Karl Rahner was engaged in from the beginning—in his *Hearers of the Word*, for example.

Sometimes, of course, when our theology seems most dialogic, it is really most ecclesiastical (as, for example, much of the theological discussion at the recent Brussels Congress seems to have been). On the other hand, there are some theologians today who may be tempted to do secular-dialogic theology without any meaningful reference to the church. Theology *can* be done without reference to the Christian community and its traditions, but when it is done that way, it is no longer *Christian* theology. Eventually, such theologians must resolve their sense of ambivalence and decide, for their own clarity as well as for their readers', about the merits of the tradition or traditions that are operative in their thinking.

Ecclesio-political theology treats of traditional theological questions in the light of the concrete needs of the church. It, too, uses whatever relevant data is available from other sources (e.g., sociology, political science, law, etc.), but its primary and immediate concern is not dialogue with the world at large (although this is its long-range concern) but dialogue within the Christian community itself, for the sake of its eventual renewal and reform. This is the kind of theology which some American theologians are doing in collaboration with the Canon Law Society of America, e.g., its symposia and special projects on constitutionalism in the church, freedom, due process, subsidiaries, coresponsibility, collegiality and the selection of bishops. It is the kind of theology that Hans Küng continues to do so provocatively.

There are undoubtedly many in the churches today who believe that the only kind of serious theology is secular-dialogic (or whatever name they might give it). It seems, however, that one cannot continue to do *Christian* theology without reference to the tradition and mission of the Christian community. How that community continues to understand itself, how it institutionalizes its faith, how it organizes itself for mission—these are some of the questions that are of abiding concern for ecclesio-political theology. Some of the most practical theology today is being done at this level. If the reform of the church continues in any meaningful way, it will owe its progress to the contributions of this kind of collaborative theological-canonical work.

We may be beyond the time now when theological progress can be charted like the ages of man: from neo-orthodox, to existentialist, to secular, to death-of-God, to the theology of hope, to the theology of revolution, to the theology of celebration, to black theology, to feminist theology, and so forth.

Perhaps theology has been played too much like a game, becoming too much imbued with the values of a world whose judgment and redemption it presumes to announce and explore. As theology loses some of that game-like quality, we should be under much less pressure to greet the publication of two or three books on the same general theme as the dawn of a new era, nor should we have to excommunicate into a kind of limbo

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those writings which do not happen to catch the mood or the jargon of the moment. We will come to realize, after all, that men who talk together and who think alike will often produce similar kinds of books and will even promote one another's work in the process. There is nothing wrong or harmful in that unless we begin to identify all theology with that one group and thereafter accept their interests as the only legitimate agenda for religious reflection and publication. There are other dialogues in process, and other theologians in touch with other levels of experience both in the church and in the world at large. These other dialogues may be potentially as important as those that happen to catch the attention of the *New York Times*, the weekly newsmagazines, Andrew Greeley, Harvey Cox, or Martin Marty.

There are today serious theological questions under review, and there are serious men studying them—no longer in seminaries and divinity schools alone, but in the universities and in the field. If theology in the 1970s may have less journalistic appeal, perhaps in the long run it may have more to say to both the human community and to the church about the issues that do, or should, trouble them most.

THE POLITICS OF DAY CARE

New possibilities or appalling impossibilities

MARION MEADE

At this moment there's little doubt that a vastly expanded system of day care is going to become a reality. Maybe not quite what feminists talk about when they envision free, 24-hour nurseries on every block in the land. But at least chances look good for child care centers eventually to become as familiar a part of many children's lives as today's nursery schools and kindergartens.

Skipping the sticky question of who's going to foot the bill, there's a far more serious issue now being debated with considerable passion. That is, who should sponsor child care centers? This means a lot more than the mere achievement of establishing physical facilities. It's what kind of day care and, ultimately, what kind of kids these day care centers will produce. To look at the problem from another angle, should day care amount to babysitting? Or should it be used to rear children who are (take your choice):

a) non-conformists
b) cooperation (as opposed to competition)-oriented
c) social revolutionaries
d) superchildren. And so on.

This, then, is suddenly where the politics of day care is at.

Meanwhile, at least four prototypes for child care centers already have emerged. Depending on your day care politics, they are either possibilities or appalling impossibilities. To begin with, some people feel it's the government's business to provide this service just like public schools and libraries. (They admit, however, that neither are much to brag about right now.) Then there's private business which is eager to prove that child care can be merchandised like any other commercial product. Still another alternative is for companies to offer child care as a fringe benefit for their employees. And, finally, a mixed bag of day care advocates hold the philosophy that day care must be a community facility. Each nursery should be directly controlled by the parents involved, its policies reflecting the social, political and educational values of the group. (This last faction might be categorized as the day care radicals, including as it does the feminists, black and third world activists and educational liberals. But, as one of them told me: "What we who call ourselves 'radicals' want for our children is just a healthy environment. Unfortunately, in this day and age, that's radical.")

Just about the only point upon which these various factions agree is the desperate need for day care. While currently five million children under the age of 6 have mothers who work, the highest estimate of day care places now available to those kids in existing facilities is 640,000. And the trend toward greater numbers of working mothers seems unmistakable. The problem is, what to do about it. Unfortunately the day care movement is in no way remotely close in its approaches.

That a titanic struggle lies just over the horizon seems fairly certain. In fact, during the past year, there have already taken place minor rows and a few major confrontations.

The first tip-off about which way the wind was blowing happened last June when several hundred businessmen and educators gathered for an "Early Learning/Day

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Care Conference" in New York City. The object: to discuss the potential profits in packaging day care. Now, no doubt it never occurred to the sponsors that the registration fee of $225 might be extraordinary. Nor did they probably notice the unfortunate label given to one of their workshops "Fleecing the Pre-school Sheep." Nor did they consider that a day care conference could have provided child care arrangements for participating delegates, some of them women with children. But after all, it was your average convention.

Barely had the delegates taken their seats at the opening session when what to their wondering eyes should appear but some 50 or so women and children who marched up on the stage and brandished their signs: "Free Day Care for Our Children." "Our Lambs Shall Not Be Fleeced." Coming from New York, Boston, New Haven, Washington, and as far away as Iowa, the picketers tried to explain their feelings that child care must be available to everyone, *must* be motivated by parental concern rather than profit. Most of them either had established a day care center back home or were in the process of doing so. But amid the resulting pandemonium, their points were lost. Before police could throw them out, the convention resolved this unexpected disruption by recessing for the morning.

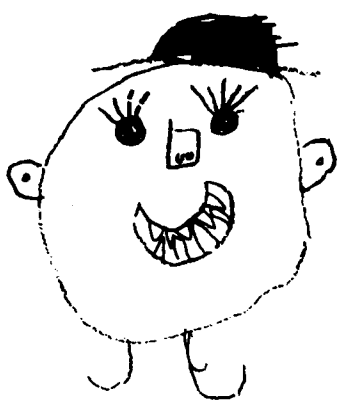
As one of the pickets later remarked: "It was really hard for me to believe that all these people had no idea of why we were angry, no idea of how desperate we are to continue our centers on the ideals on which they were founded. Love for children. Parent control. Free."

Protest has taken other forms also. In fact, this is one field where people seem intent on doing their own thing. For example, when an ex-New York Head Start coordinator had a baby and could find no reasonable system of child care for her 3-month-old infant, she organized an illegal nursery to accommodate her own need. (In New York state, children must be two years, eight months old to qualify for day care.) Able to return to work, she is now a consultant to a city agency for childhood development, one of whose primary jobs is to expand day care facilities. While her underground nursery flourishes merrily, she infiltrates the system from within, so to speak. "The city is out of touch," she charges. "Like the Seventh Avenue designers who copy what street people are wearing, the government must look at these underground centers to see what's happening. Because nobody is sitting around waiting for them anymore."

Others aren't bothering to wait for official sanction—or licenses—either. In April, 1970, the Women's Union Child Care Collective took its cue from squatters moving into abandoned buildings on New York's Upper West Side Urban Renewal area. One evening they "liberated" a suitable building for their nursery. By now, The Children's Storefront and its 25 black and Puerto Rican children have become a familiar landmark in the neighborhood. It has taken no precautions to hide its existence; on the contrary, it once dramatized its need for operating funds by holding day care on busy Columbus Avenue and successfully jamming traffic for blocks. Tables, chairs and toys dragged out into the thoroughfare, the children played amid slogans chalked on the asphalt: "Power to the Children." "Power to the People."

Of course, nurseries like the Children's Storefront could be dismissed as the lunatic fringe of the day care movement. It would be a mistake to do so, however, because the most meaningful innovations are coming from exactly its kind of grass-roots, do-it-yourself operation. True, when it comes to funds, they can't compete with businessmen who are poised to co-opt the field. A dozen companies now operate over 100 day care centers in 21 states; six of them alone say they will be caring for 50,000 children by the end of this year.

Suddenly millions of dollars have popped up in a crash attempt to cash in on a new industry. The new chain businesses and franchise operations have taken cute names (Mary Moppet, Kay's Kiddie Kollege, Les



Petites Academies) and their brand new equipment invariably impresses nervous parents. But—can they successfully dish up kids the way they serve hamburgers and fried chicken? Even if they do throw in a Shoppers' Special (classy educational equipment, a soupçon of an educational program to reassure parents they are getting their $25-40/per week's worth), even then is there a chance they can be more than glorified babysitters? The non-profit day care people answer an emphatic No.

The fact is, the non-profit day carers haven't enough money to erect reassuring fronts (their centers look undeniably makeshift) but what they do have in the way of saving grace are loud voices. Very loud. And their message is clear: Day care is not synonymous with babysitting. Nor should kids be placed in dumping grounds where they will be bored, instilled with the values of obedience and passivity, or programmed through a daily routine where their social relationships with adults and other children become meaningless. In

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short, day care should benefit children first and foremost. Parental convenience comes second.

Involved here is a conflict in values, as well as attitudes toward child development. Historically, day care in the U.S. has existed in times of national stress (wartime, depression) when women were needed in the labor force. While these day care centers might have benefited children, still they were not set up specifically for their welfare. Today, the economic crisis theme is still paramount; one motive behind the current drive is to lower welfare costs by channeling welfare mothers into jobs.

What's more, the old attitudes continue to be reflected by the statistics now repeatedly cited as the reason we need national day care. The figures commonly quoted are these: in 1940, one out of ten *mothers worked;* in 1970, five out of ten *mothers worked*. The emphasis remains on working mothers. Presumably, if these mothers didn't work, there would be no need for day care. According to our traditional ideology, both mothers and children should stay home, indeed, if they had a choice, would prefer to be home. That day care in itself is good for children is a radical concept.

So what the radical day care contingent is saying is that neither mothers nor children especially benefit from being isolated at home. For both groups, liberation from homey concentration camps might very well mean an expansion of human potential. But to limit their arguments only to children, they point out that the interaction between children and their environment in the pre-school years affects their adult capacities and feelings. By the age of four, children already know it's better to be white and male; a woman's place is in the home; it's best to follow directions without asking too many questions; they must deny their own feelings to win approval from adults.

Therefore, if there is a method of counteracting some of this destructive conditioning, day care offers one way to socialize and educate children in a more healthy manner. Their reasoning, of course, accounts for their horror of Kentucky Fried Children day care and their insistence on parent-control. As a result, they have demanded money and space from government agencies, corporations and universities while, at the same time, demanding complete autonomy to run their centers, according to their beliefs.

Dorothy Pitman, a founder of the pioneering West 80th Street Community Day Care Center in New York, typifies the day care radicals. She states flatly that the children in her center are not being raised as conformists nor does she want them to accept middle-class white values. (Mrs. Pitman is black, so are most of the children.) So far, no outside group has been permitted to dictate the nursery's policies which are decided by a governing board composed entirely of parents. The only thing she accepts from outside is money.

Essentially, her position is similar to those women's liberationists who have established nurseries: We don't need ideas—just funds.

From the black militants and the feminist militants (the two groups frequently overlap) as well as the other day care militants, a radical new concept of day care has been brought out into the open for consideration. The question now is whether they can put over the idea of day care as an alternate lifestyle for children, one which is far better than anything now available.

Ironically, the strongest thrust for change has come, not from day care professionals whose band-aid philosophy concentrates on tiding over working women until they can get back home, but rather from the amateurs. Not only have the amateurs voiced their demands in wonderful strident bellows but they have also done something remarkable: established working models of what they want. Of course, chain store child care is a prospect which can't be dismissed. But hopefully this is one area where love—not money—will prevail.

RICHARD BURNS

CLASSROOM EXERCISE

Sometimes I try to avoid nothing,
So the pre-dawn thunderstorm
Finds me disconsolate, wound in sheets,
Slapping out at a pad of notepaper
Tucked near the alarm switch.

Young ones, my answerers, could you
See me now, you would shriek my chalk-marks
Off the board, drown my notes in fist-slams
Attending your laughter. Fumbling for this
Tabula, I am aware of at least this much.

An idea, convoluted and scaly, has found
Me looking for something better than I had
To give you, and—trust me—sleep tumbles
Off beyond the table lamp at the click.
I am manufacturing another trite gift.

Your groans will receive it after the bell
Has rung. Please remember the plot of that book
I had you read. I want you to remember,
Believe me. My intention is not to intentionally
Outflank you. I am the vulnerable one.

More sentences will be necessary to un-muddle
These first angular notes. Look for tricks if
You wish. Something is hidden in the lines.
If you are interested, part of me is hidden here—
Your tormentor's deep night, carved in words.

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THE STRANGULATION OF FRESNO STATE

A classic case in the question of who should control higher education

BARRY HILLENBRAND

Ralph Rea, the acting dean of humanities at Fresno State College, is one of those genial academic types often found in administrative positions at small colleges. Rea is a music professor and still ornaments his staff memos with cheery little music clefts. A small phonograph sits in one corner of his modest little office. He's run a speaker wire out to the main office area so that on a slow day, when the secretaries finish typing administrative documents, Rea treats them to a little Mozart or Brahms. Rea's a kind, considerate chap. The perfect boss.

Certainly a man so fond of Mozart and considerate of secretaries is miscast as one of the villains in the gang rape of academic freedom at Fresno State College. But Rea is astoundingly direct about his part in the troubles tormenting Fresno State. Says Rea, with genuine concern in his meek voice: "We have politically active professors here who want to make a political scene out of this college, and so you have to get rid of them. Now you can't say this was the reason you wanted them fired, so you have to make up some general reason, like the one I used in my letters, you know: 'it is in the best interests of the college and the department that this man be terminated.' "

He pauses and thinks about what he's said, and then adds, humbly and self-critically, "You know, when you've made a mistake in hiring, you have to be big enough to admit it. Now some of these people, some of these activists we've gotten rid of, may well be very good in the classroom. They are often very smart when they talk about their subject, but the problem is that they often don't stick to their subject. We have to weed out the people who want to make trouble for the school."

And so when Fresno State president Norman A. Baxter asked dean Rea to lend a hand pulling out some troublesome weeds, Rea was eager to oblige. The weeds most dramatically pulled were Eugene Zumwalt, chairman of the English department, and Roger Chittick, assistant head of the department. Baxter told Rea to remove the men from their departmental positions, although, as tenured professors, both men would retain their teaching positions. At 3:00 p.m., Friday, Dec. 4, 1970, Rea showed up at the English Department offices with letters of dismissal, two armed campus cops and a team of locksmiths and carpenters to secure the department offices. The locks were changed and one of the doors bolted with a formidable hunk of wood. In a statement later, the college administration characterized Rea's actions as "normal academic procedure."

Zumwalt's demotion (and, ironically, Rea's elevation to the position of acting chairman of the English department) was the dramatic culmination of a complex three-year battle for control of Fresno State College. Two weeks prior to the barricading of the English department offices, president Baxter, in an announcement routinely made each year around Halloween, released a list of names of those professors who would not be rehired, or who would not be granted tenure the following year. Thirteen teachers (plus two administrators) were to be released when their contracts ran out. Campus liberals, a group with a rich and largely justified tradition of paranoia, immediately took up the cases of six of the teachers and began yelling "massive purge."

Rampant paranoia aside, the liberals had a good case. By Berkeley or Harvard standards, the six were hardly the type of radical academics who keep John Mitchell awake at night. Yet there is strong evidence that Baxter terminated these men (in most cases over the strong recommendations of both their departments and their chairmen) because they were, in Rea's words, "politically active professors." Some examples:

Joe Toney, a black Ph.D. (Illinois) in organic chemistry. Toney's major offense seems to be an active interest in the campus' Black Student Union. Toney was one of the last black teachers remaining on campus after a purge of the Ethnic Studies program the year before. He was unanimously approved by both his department and the dean of the school of natural sciences. Baxter axed him.

Elton Hall, a mild-mannered philosophy teacher currently completing his Ph.D. thesis entitled "On Excuses." Hall has never met Baxter nor has he been very active on campus. "I seldom went to rallies and never make speeches," he says. But for complex reasons the philosophy department is in ill favor with the administration and so Rea, the dean of humanities, cut Elton Hall.

Edward Dutton, an associate professor of social work and community organizer. Dutton was approved by his

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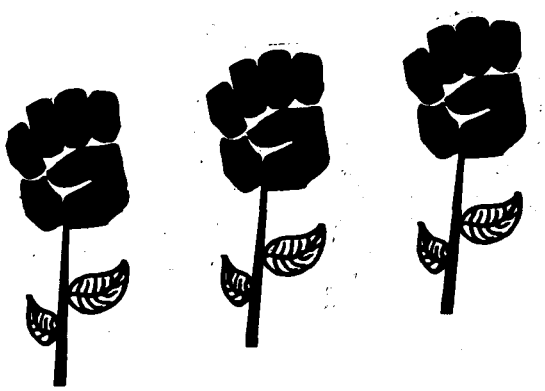
department for tenure, but overruled by his chairman. Dutton is an activist with close and powerful ties with the Chicano community in the San Joaquin Valley. Dutton, clean shaven even by strict Valley standards, is resigned to his fate: "I've risked myself by getting involved in a social movement with minorities and labor. I expect to be on the line. Sometimes you lose when the guys you oppose are too powerful."

Everett Frost, an English professor and the closest thing Fresno State has to a genuine radical. Frost occasionally lashes out at Zumwalt because of Zumwalt's liberal positions. "Zumwalt," says Frost, "truly amazes me because he thinks that the only problem we have is 'bad people.' He does not see that the problem is the system, the power structure which runs this whole valley." But Frost, on any other campus with a corps of professors to the left of Ramsey Clark, would blend in inconspicuously with all the other army field jackets and Marcuse heads.

But Fresno State's tolerance for Marcuse heads is exceedingly low. For years Fresno State was just a sleepy little community college, heavy on agricultural vocational training. It educated the children of the Okies and the immigrants who made it big in the agro-business of the San Joaquin Valley, an area said to be the richest agricultural area in the world. Then, in the 1960's, education in California became as potent a fetish as sunshine. Fresno State, absorbed into the California State College system, began growing as rapidly as asparagus in the spring. In 1959, the college had 4,000 students; in 1965, enrollment doubled to 8,000; and



now it is at 13,000. Faculty jumped from 200 in 1958 to close to 800 now.

By 1968 the counter-culture and political activism also began to dribble into the Valley in the most innocent and often superficial ways. Several of the liberal arts departments began to attract top teachers. And Fresno State's educational program was sharply upgraded. But conflict between the straight Valley community and that tiny segment of the college community gingerly approaching Consciousness III (and, more dangerously, political activism) was inevitable.

Two Affairs (as they are known at Fresno State) highlight the struggle for ideological control of the college. In the fall of 1968, during a campus symposium on drug problems, Robert Mezey, a talented poet and winner of Harvard's Lamont poetry award, casually mentioned that while he did not find pot a particularly rewarding experience, he saw no reason why people should not be allowed to decide freely for themselves on the matter. Instant crisis. The Mezey Affair became the Dreyfus Affair of the Valley. No one was without an opinion. The following spring, despite the fact that students voted Mezey one of the campus' outstanding teachers, his contract was not renewed. Typically, the Mezey Affair is still before the California courts, and Mezey himself is tucked away in a house in the San Joaquin Valley writing verse and teaching at a free college.

Marvin X

In the fall of 1969, the new Ethnic Studies program at Fresno State hired a black Muslim named Marvin X. who, while conservatively dressed and soft-spoken, frightened the Valley community with his brutally candid analysis of black-white relations. State College Chancellor Glenn Dumke called in three Fresno State officials and told them to fire Marvin X or lose their own jobs. Frederic Ness, then president of the College, but who had intended to resign in the spring, fired Marvin X, turned in his master key and fled the campus. Dumke, a former liberal whose educational politics changed drastically when Reagan was elected in 1966, appointed Karl L. Falk to the job of President of Fresno State. His orders were to clean up the campus. Falk was a professor of economics at Fresno State for 30 years before retiring to become a president of a local savings and loan association.

Falk moved with a sure vengeance. He fired Dale Burtener, a dean who had brought Fresno State out of the educational Middle Ages, and tossed out a half-dozen other administrative officers. He emasculated an Experimental College program, which offered, for example, a course in "How to Beat the Establishment at Their Own Game." In the spring of 1970, Falk eliminated the Ethnic Studies program; a riot broke out on campus, a computer was burned; and a group of students brutally arrested. Kent/Cambodia followed with more riots.

Baxter was made president in the fall of 1970 with the hope of calming the campus, but his firing of the six liberal professors and his ousting of Zumwalt troubled the campus. The campus, however, remained superficially quiet. Student activism is at a low ebb, having dissipated its energies last spring. But the campus is covered with a layer of petty vindictiveness as thick and impenetrable as the wet San Joaquin fog. A recent AAUP report on the Fresno firings masterfully under-

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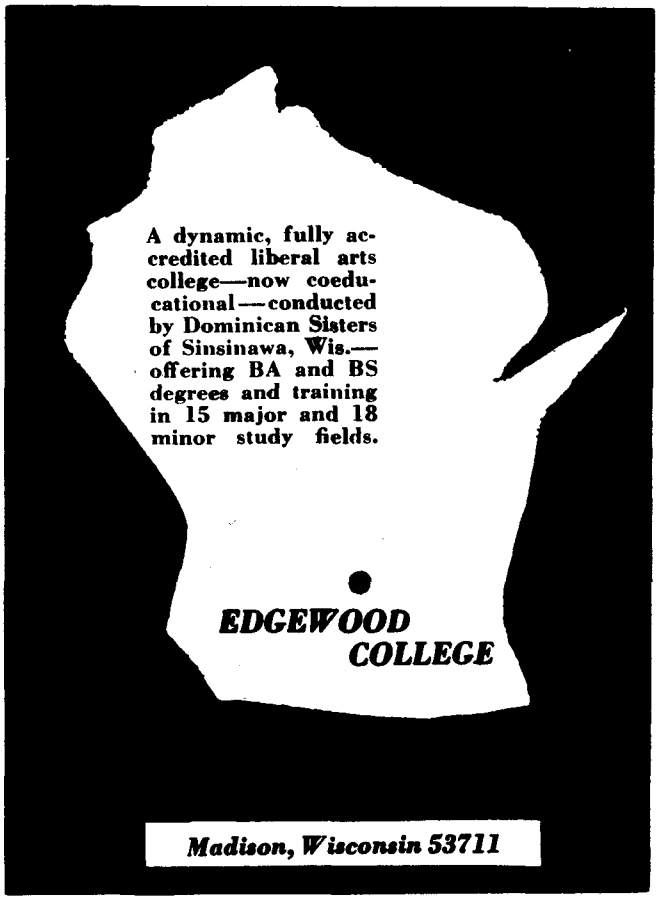
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stated the situation by citing the "lack of civility in inter-faculty and faculty-administration relations." Scholarship, the AAUP report also notes, has been forgotten. Law suits, legislative investigations, AAUP studies and H.E.W. reports keep the typists in Dean Rea's office extremely busy.

Tempest In a Teapot

In the end, one is tempted to call the entire matter a tempest in an academic teapot. Something Edward Albee, not Clark Kerr, should write about. Yet what's happened at Fresno State underscores a number of critical education problems larger than Fresno State itself.

Community control is one of them. While nearly 25 percent of the Fresno community is minority (18 percent Chicano) the vast majority of the community would like to see Fresno State without Ethnic Studies or an Experimental College. A community college, as most folks see it, should turn out students who will further develop the agro-business of the Valley. In purging the college of the "radicals," Falk and Baxter were simply responding to community pressures. This poses a difficult problem for liberals who generally assume that community control means liberal control.

Fresno state is also a classic study in the politics of higher education in California. At their respective convenience, both liberals and conservatives in California have wept over the politicalization of the campus. When Max Rafferty, the former state superintendent of public instruction in California, said that "more and more of the loose nuts on the faculties" of California colleges will have to be unbolted and discarded, the liberals screamed "political purge." And Fresno State was a political purge. The grime from the purge dirties hands all around the state: Reagan, Dumke, and scores of state legislators, all have their hands in the battle at Fresno State. When liberals of St. John's were purged some years ago, the deed was done swiftly, the college marked, but the matter was localized and somewhat private. But in California educational matters are seldom private.

The critical question at Fresno State is who should run the college. The faculty clearly believes that they should have a strong voice in the matter. But they do not. Dumke, the Chancellor of the California State Colleges, contends that in these hurried and troubled days of higher education, faculty discussion of important issues is no longer possible. The power of college governance, says Dumke forcefully, should be in the hands of "the administrative officers of the school who are ultimately accountable for the college." And since Dumke, and by extension Ronald Reagan, appoint the administrative officers of the colleges, Dumke is a contented man.

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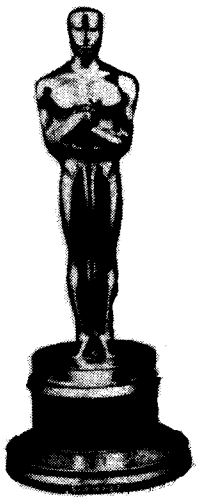
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THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING OSCAR

No, not the one on Sesame Street

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

IN DUSTY little shops with names like "Memory Lane" or "High Camp, Inc.," one can still sometimes find prints of a remarkable photograph that was taken at M-G-M during World War II. The photograph looks as if it came from the yearbook of an unaccredited finishing school. Headmaster Louis B. Mayer is seated in the front-row center. Beside and behind him, like that year's doting senior class, are row upon row of M-G-M's top screen personalities: Jimmy Stewart, Katharine Hepburn, Greer Garson, Spencer Tracy, William Powell, et al. M-G-M's motto at the time was "more stars than there are in heaven . . ." and the picture confirms it. If the occasion was Mr. Mayer's birthday, as it may well have been, he'd awarded himself a star for each of his fifty-plus years, and at least a half-dozen to grow on.

Were we not to recognize any of these people, however, the appointments in the room would still tell us unmistakably where the picture was taken. Off to one side of the assembled troupe is a dais, and on the dais is a giant Oscar. It's hard to say whether Oscar has been precariously balanced on the dais or crudely superimposed on the photograph. Either way, the effect is that Oscar seems to be present as a tribal apparition, a dream in the studio's collective unconscious. Like something in the funny papers, he should be framed by a thought balloon with trails of little bubbles streaming out to every head in the room. For many of those stars the dream had or would come true. But the star system in the M-G-M picture has become as much a collector's item as the picture itself, and perhaps Oscar has too.

Even a quick glance at the list of nominees last year tells us how fragmented the dream of stardom has become. Those most guilty of betraying the system last year were Dustin Hoffman, best-actor nominee for *The Midnight Cowboy,* and Genevieve Bujold, best-actress nominee for *Anne of the Thousand Days.* While neither of the films is a classic, both of the lead performances were. The subversive thing that Mr. Hoffman and Miss Bujold did was to display some range as performers. Would a star have been allowed to go from the moonstruck imp Miss Bujold played in *The King of Hearts,* the 1966 film that established her career, to the ambitious and cunning Anne Boleyn in *Anne of the Thousand Days*? Or from the clean-cut and bewildered young man Hoffman played in *The Graduate* to the grubby, hustling Enrico Rizzo of *Midnight Cowboy*? Certainly not. Range is one thing that was forbidden to a true star. By nominating some actors for its Oscars, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences had breached precedent and committed a serious indiscretion.

And this year, institutions being notoriously slow to learn from experience, the Academy has done precious little to rectify its mistake. The nominations for best actress are a split decision. Two and a half nominees—Carrie Snodgrass (*Diary of a Mad Housewife*), Glenda Jackson (*Women in Love*), and half of Jane Alexander (*The Great White Hope*)—can probably act, while the remainder—Sarah Miles (*Ryan's Daughter*), Ali MacGraw (*Love Story*), and the other half of Miss Alexander—definitely can't. Yet we must give the Academy its due. It's hard to tell, by the criterion of range, whether any of the first two and a half nominees can act. Since they are all making their first appearance in a major feature, none has had a chance to show genuine range—at least, not enough range to show up her sister nominees and exclude herself from the kind of stardom for which Oscars have traditionally been reserved.

Though the best-actress nominations may thus have avoided last year's embarrassments rather cleverly, the Academy hasn't done as well with its nominations for best actor. On the one hand, it has had the good sense not to nominate Richard Benjamin for his role opposite Miss Snodgrass in *Mad Housewife.* Nominating him would have been an exact repetition of last year's mistake, for Benjamin has duplicated Hoffman's feat. From playing the hapless, unassuming boyfriend in *Goodbye, Columbus,* Mr. Benjamin has gone on to play the mad housewife's husband—a man with a personality like the sound of fingernails scraping on a blackboard—and he's handled this latest assignment brilliantly. He's proven his range as an actor, and the Academy has, accordingly ignored him.

On the other hand, however, the Academy has bungled worse than ever before by allowing George C. Scott's portrayal of Patton to get on the nominations list. Mr. Scott's achievement transcends even Hoffman's and Benjamin's: Mr. Scott has shown extraordinary range within a single

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performance. The film's characterization of Patton can only be described with oxymorons. Patton is an *idiot savant*, a cultured vulgarian, a preposterous and bellicose mystic. But Scott has made him credible anyway —has, indeed, made him all the more credible for his inconsistencies and contradictions. By popping off at the Academy and disdaining its award, Scott has also accepted his nomination with a graciousness the Academy can hardly fail to appreciate. He's given the Academy a perfect (if irrelevant) excuse not to award him the Oscar. What could be more gracious than letting a rash and imprudently generous benefactor off the hook? The voting members of the Academy are fools if they don't accept Mr. Scott's magnanimous gesture and vote for someone else.

It may be clear that actors don't make suitable stars or Oscar recipients. But whether stars were capable of acting remains, in most cases, a moot question. In the *ancien régime* Cary Grant might have been cast as the Graduate or the boyfriend in *Goodbye, Columbus*. But if such a role had proved a big break for him, as it did for Hoffman and Benjamin, Mr. Grant could never have gone on to *Midnight Cowboy* or *Diary of a Mad Housewife*. When he was cast, as an ambiguous villain in Alfred Hitchcock's 1941 thriller *Suspicion*, RKO Pictures made Hitchcock change the film's ending so Grant could keep his star untarnished. Contrary to the implication of the entire plot, Grant had to be an innocent object of suspicion, and his roles haven't changed much since then. If we skip ahead twenty-two years in his career, we find him with Audrey Hepburn in *Charade*, still proving himself the innocent object of his heroine's suspicions.

Of course, it was Cary Grant, not Dustin Hoffman, who won an Academy Award last year. But that didn't surprise anyone. (None of the awards ever surprises anyone, except Richard Burton.) Mr. Grant was given a special award "for being Cary Grant," as Frank Sinatra pointed out in his presentation speech. Last year John Wayne was also given the best-actor award for being John Wayne, although nobody bothered to point that out. Perhaps it didn't need pointing out. All stars have received their Oscars for the same reason.

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences was Louis B. Mayer's brainchild. He first conceived it in 1927 as a service to the industry's elite corps, especially the stars. Despite such contributions to the system, however, Mayer was preoccupied with forms of stardom that were far too primitive and rudimentary. His primary

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achievement at M-G-M during the 1930's was the production of a great many series films—films that tried to cash in on the popularity of a single role. Because these M-G-M products —the Andy Hardy comedies, for instance, which featured Mickey Rooney, and William Powell's Thin Man vehicles—are so literal-minded a use of the star system, they don't represent the system's best refinements.

A star doesn't have to play the same role in every film: he only has to be the same character no matter what the role is. When Universal put M-G-M graduate Marjorie Main through the Ma Kettle mill, a character actress was made into a star. When Mayer himself converted the Dr. Kildare series into a perambulator for Lionel Barrymore, a star was made into a character actor. But it's a different thing altogether to exploit fully the fact that every star is already a character actor by nature. Even in its use of the Katharine Hepburn-Spencer Tracy team M-G-M didn't realize the potential of stardom as well as one of the other Hollywood studios.

Jack Warner was the guy who knew what stardom was all about. A group portrait taken at Warner Brothers around the time of the one from M-G-M would have included people who were the very essence of stardom. It would have contained such luminaries as Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart, Errol Flynn, and James Cagney. True to *his* wisdom that one well-defined convention is what makes a star, Warner put these performers through a grueling schedule of genre films. During the first two decades of the talkies, Bogart and Cagney made so many gangster movies so fast that neither of them could remember later which movie was which. It's no wonder either. Their careers must have come to seem like endless rehearsals for a play that would never open.

There's a moment in *Public Enemy*, a gangster classic made in 1931, when Cagney smacks his moll with a half a grapefruit, "right in de kissah," as he would say. A wave of his hair drops over his forehead, he rolls his boozy-looking eyes up at the girl, and wields the grapefruit as if it were a pie and he were a Laurel-and-Hardy extra. It's a superb moment that hangs right in the balance, uncertain whether it's funny or disgracefully brutal. It's also a moment that *is* Cagney. The substantial acting in dozens of his movies amounts to no more than that one gesture.

After Bette Davis received an Academy Award for her 1935 performance in *Dangerous*, she let slip that the award was only a make-good: she should have received it the previous year for *Of Human Bondage*. For a

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About the author: Father Joseph Champlin, a member of the USCC Commission on Liturgy, is the author of *Don't You Really Love Me?* and *Together for Life*; each sold over 100,000 copies. In the past year, he has lectured extensively on the new liturgy, speaking in more than 60 dioceses to audiences of priests and laity totaling over 30,000.

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star born and bred at Warner Brothers, this egotism was a bit unprofessional. Any Warner talent should have known what Bogart and Cagney knew—that in the work of the ideal star, no particular film should be distinguishable from any other. In another sense, though, Miss Davis' slap at the Academy was quite proper and right in character for a star. The ultimate quality of stardom is that it's a state where art and life meet. If Miss Davis deserved an Oscar for playing a bitchy ingrate, then she should be a little bitchy and ungrateful. (In 1939, she would get the Oscar she deserved for a role that suited her, *Jezebel.*)

No star tried to live up to this highest standard of performance more sincerely than Errol Flynn. Bogart and Cagney may have confused one movie with another, but Flynn managed to confuse his movies with his life. *My Wicked, Wicked Ways*, which was a 1959 sequel to his first autobiography, recounts numerous improbable adventures straight out of the Warner Brothers story department. There is even some irony in the last true adventure he had before he died at age fifty. Sensing that one of the twentieth century's greatest epics was about to be shot on location in Cuba, he rushed off to join the revolution. He managed to get nicked in the crossfire, decorated by Fidel, and sent home to a fanfare of press agents. The irony is that the Cuban Revolution has to be considered the beginning of the fadeout for the star system. After they leave the theater, today's movie audiences have Che Guevara to believe in: they don't need Errol Flynn's stardom.

The thing about a Dustin Hoffman that disgusts the old-timers is the fact that he doesn't even try to be a star. If Hoffman ever writes his memoirs, the closest they will come to real-life adventure will probably be that day last year when the townhouse next to his Greenwich Village apartment blew up. As Hoffman arrived on the scene, the TV interviewers crowded around him. "Well," he began, "I was up at the office and. . . ." Need I go further? Nobody who has an office is going to be a star, let alone somebody who admits to the public that he has one. But it's instructive to go a little further: "I was up at the office, and when I heard what'd happened I came down to see whether I could save my turtles. . . ." Turtles? Faced with England's quarantine laws, a star like Elizabeth Taylor may rent a yacht in the Thames just to accommodate her poodle. But in an emergency real stars have to have pet leopards to rescue. Hoffman just isn't the kind of person whose private life is going to sell copies of *Silver Screen.*

If it's not dignifying Camp too much, I think it's fair to say that audiences nowadays take a purely anthropological interest in stardom. Guevaristas and Maoists may flock to Bogart festivals at the Brattle Theater in Cambridge or at the New Yorker. But if you ask them how much they admire Bogey's image as a star, you'll find out the only thing they know about him is that he copped out before the House Un-American Activities Committee. As for the more recent comers who are trying to make it as stars, they're quickly turning into a vestigial part of the industry. Even compared to a dead and demythologized Bogart, a live Julie Andrews is a mummy in a glass display case. One of her more recent efforts, inauspiciously entitled *Star!*, should have been called *Fizzle*! It did so poorly Twentieth-Century Fox has had to re-release it under the appropriate re-title *Those WERE the Happy Times* (emphasis added).

While no actor can be a star, it should be admitted that a few stars did get a chance to prove they could act. Though only perfecting her stardom in *Jezebel*, when Miss Davis played the naive girl in *The Petrified Forest* she showed that she had range as an actress. Humphrey Bogart did the same thing in *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* and *The African Queen.* But for many stars—John Wayne is a prime example—the most daring departure from the routine of stardom has been a few late films that are parodies of their own early work. Dustin Hoffman knows he's only an actor. He even flaunts this self-awareness by admiring the fact that the lead is no longer so important to the public as a film's director or script content. An acid test for identifying a star, as opposed to a mere actor, is that any stand-up comic who's not tone deaf can do imitations of stars. Try doing an imitation of Dustin Hoffman.

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studio heads had terrible feelings of insecurity. Oscar's purpose was to compensate for this. The psychology behind Oscar was a sound one too: if you want to dignify something, pin a medal on it. The English Crown made respectable culture-heroes out of scores of charlatans and brigands just by giving them the O.B.E. Why couldn't Hollywood do the same? Oscar offered Hollywood some assurance of its own significance; and even if it was only self-assurance, it was effective for awhile. But in the long run Oscar was humiliated by the very industry he was supposed to help dignify. The trouble with him is that he's the archetypal Hollywood yes-man. The model who sat for that little bronze statuette wasn't some Greek god of excellence: he was the studio flunky, one of the omnipresent factotums with whom movie moguls surrounded themselves. Oscar was never a young man with great expectations. He was always just a retainer who would some day have to pay for all the privilege he'd had.

That day arrived sometime during the mid-1950's, even before Guevara upstaged Errol Flynn. Big-budget films began requiring that extra publicity only Oscar could provide. Otherwise, it was apparent, heavy investments were going to be lost at the box office. As a result, the star system Oscar was designed to enhance began depending on him just to survive. The Academy Awards became more like a Welfare Program than an investiture. Oscar was given as a form of Aid to Dependent Children—in recognition of need, not merit.

Because Oscar has been thus demeaned, it's doubtful whether he's worth giving away at all anymore. But there always seem to be new performers who aspire to stardom anyway and still deserve an Academy Award for doing so. Ali MacGraw certainly deserves an Academy Award this year, despite her youth. Her sophomoric performances in both *Goodbye, Columbus* and *Love Story* prove in the old-fashioned way that she has no ambition to be an actress. Imagine being type-cast for the rest of your

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life as part of the ethnic quota at Radcliffe. If that doesn't deserve an Oscar, nothing does.

Nevertheless, Miss MacGraw's dedication to stardom is futile. A star needs a studio to hitch her wagon to, and there aren't any real studios left. Miss MacGraw has therefore tried getting hitched to Paramount Pictures executive Bob Evans, which is I suppose the next best thing. Such a marriage derives its precedent from the thirties, when star Norma Shearer married M-G-M production chief Irving Thalberg. Like Evans, Thalberg was a boy wonder with a mission. But Thalberg's mission was to save movies from the gaucherie of men like Louis Mayer. (His achievement was something less.) Mr. Evans' mission, in his own view, seems to be the opposite: he's determined to restore his studio to the kind of Mayeresque and autocratic control over film production every studio used to have. His achievement will be to wreck the power of the studios once and for all.

Having become financially obsolete, the studios are today little more than clearing houses for independent productions. They distribute and promote films made by unaffiliated directors. But now Mr. Evans wants to edit the films as well. I assume he doesn't want to go back to supporting stars or directors with the contracts, guaranteed annual incomes, story departments and other amenities studios used to provide. He wants someone who's conceived, written, directed, produced, and/or acted in a film to let him, Bob Evans, make the final cut. Gee, that's a brilliant idea, and the kind of thinking that's gotten Hollywood where it is.

Still, there is one facet of studio culture that may survive precisely because the studios themselves haven't. Like any award that an industry gives to itself, Oscar can still be bought. The studios used to buy him because their immense staffs would vote as they were told to vote, in blocs. Now that those staffs have been given their severance pay, maybe Dustin Hoffman or Richard Benjamin will fall heir to Oscar and rescue him from oblivion.

ROBERT LANNING

AMPHIBIAN

movement on the sidewalk.
People glowering at the concrete,
unsure. A man
takes a stride; one foot
far away from the rest
of his body:
I am eight floors up
looking out on him
and what I sometimes
think, genuinely, is the world;
that which the man
has begun to step into . . .

I will not see the act finished.
On the window screen,
millenniums above the earth,
an ant searches the strands
of thin gray wire philosophically
like a fish
wondering on which side
of the net his problem is posed.

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BOOKS

The three R's in plantation and provincial America

American Education: The Colonial Experience: 1607-1783

LAWRENCE A. CREMIN

Harper & Row, $15.00

JOHN DEMOS

Some years ago Bernard Bailyn published a short but seminal essay in "hypothetical history" entitled *Education in the Forming of American Society*. What Bailyn offered was a careful critique of virtually all previous scholarship on this subject, and some prescriptive suggestions for another, quite different, and potentially more fruitful line of research.

The story of American education, he argued, has been told largely in terms of the development of public schools; and within that story the colonial period has figured only as a kind of seedbed. Yet writers who follow this tradition have made the error of equating education with classroom instruction, and in so doing they have missed the central point that most education in early America occurred in *other* settings than schools—in families, in churches, and in the community at large. Bailyn urged future scholars to accept a broader and more flexible definition of their task, and to regard education as nothing less than "the entire process by which a culture transmits itself across the generations."

The new book by Professor Lawrence Cremin, under review here, seems in many respects a direct response to this important challenge. Cremin announces in his preface that he will "view education as the deliberate, systematic, and sustained effort to transmit or evoke knowledge, values, skills, and sensibilities"—a statement with some clear echoes of Bailyn's essay. Initially this seems a most exhilarating prospect, and Cremin himself appears admirably equipped to make it real.

Already a well-established and widely-published authority in the field, he has obviously labored long and hard over this project. There is no way to fault the erudition, the thoroughness, and the sheer sweep of it all. Simply to have mastered such a huge range of historical materials is a major personal *tour de force*. I wish to record at the outset my admiration for these aspects of the work, since the remainder of my comments will be addressed largely to its problems.

And they are serious problems indeed. For if earlier historians have defined education too narrowly, Cremin has tried to encompass far too much. He deals, of course, with the expected topics of schools, colleges, and household instruction; but he also sketches in a vast panorama of other, related—and not-so-related—territories. He presents, for example, long descriptions of theological and devotional literature, of political theory, of scientific and professional societies, of missionary work, of colonial printers—to mention only a few.

He declines to focus on cultural interchange "across the generations" (a key phrase in the Bailyn formula). "There is a sense," he writes at one point, "in which all institutions educate, for they subtly shape the ways men think and act and perceive the world." True enough, but there is also a sense in which the relationship between parents and children, teachers and students, the old and the young, retains a distinctive and absolutely vital significance.

So it is that Cremin ends by claiming for "education" virtually the entire

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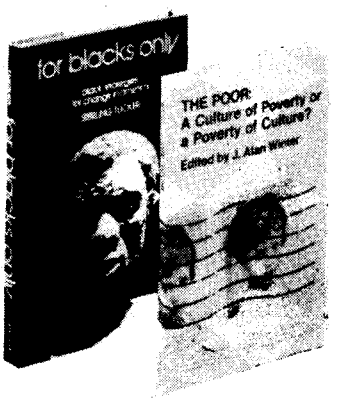

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range of cultural history. The result is frankly bewildering: a reader loses all sense of underlying continuities—and a reviewer (at least this one) finds it impossible to summarize the "argument" of the book, for there is no argument in the usual sense. Instead there is just the accumulated mass of a great many lesser units.

Overall, these units are grouped in two "books," six "parts," and eighteen chapters; and the chapters themselves are separated into carefully marked subsections. Book I treats the period of "Plantation: 1607-1689," while Book II ("Provincialism") takes the subject through the Revolution. (It should be mentioned, parenthetically, that this is only the first installment on a full-scale history of American education; Professor Cremin plans two more volumes dealing with the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.)

The chapters are arranged internally on careful, almost unvarying principles. Most begin with some aspects of the Old World "background" and then move on to specifically American derivatives. The bulk of the evidence is presented as a function of individual lives and careers, so that large chunks of the book are simply a succession of short intellectual biographies.

This type of structure does promote a certain tidyness, but it is also somewhat contrived, wooden, and repetitive. It serves at most to compartmentalize the enormously diversified materials on which the study is based, but not to organize them in any more meaningful essence. It is also dangerously misleading from a substantive viewpoint for the "transmission of culture" is rarely as simple as it appears to suggest.

This type of structure does promote jections to the way Cremin has read and used his evidence. Educational writers, he tells us again and again, counselled the practice of "virtue," "temperance," "moderation," "diligence" (etc. etc.). And colonial parents, in disciplining their children, "often resorted to castigation and chastisement." These examples epitomize a whole style of windy paraphrasing, which, while not untrue to the sources, does very little to illuminate them. By contrast, the most valuable rendering of historical evidence always involves a measure of "reading between the lines"—an effort to take the familiar pieties of an age and turn them inside out—but this is something which Cremin rarely permits himself.

These points of structure and interpretive method are important because they reveal the distinctly conventional side of the whole enterprise. It is ironic but true, I think, that Cremin begins from a set of "revisionist" premises, and proceeds to write in the manner of an earlier generation of historians.

In fairness, this was by any standard a hard book to do. Even as it stands, *American Education: The Colonial Experience* has some extremely useful sections—the discussion of literacy, for example, and the chapters on colleges—and it will surely remain an invaluable guide to all the materials in the field. Moreover, there is reason to applaud Cremin's very real commitment to the framing of new questions and new perspectives on the old questions.

Hopefully, in the subsequent volumes Cremin will not relax this commitment. And hopefully, too, he will be able to sharpen his view of the subject, break free from the old conventions of structure and style, and adopt a more vigorously analytic posture towards his evidence. If so, we may yet have the definitive history of American education that he—and perhaps *only* he—is qualified to write.

Design for Religion: Toward Ecumenical Education

GABRIEL MORAN

Herder and Herder, $4.95

GERARD S. SLOYAN

Van der Meer and Mohrmann in their *Atlas of the Early Christian World*, writing of the third century A.D., refer to "the religious faith of these often simple bishops" which "averted the dangers of Gnosticism, Montanism, and of local stubbornness too (in such matters as the date of Easter. . .). Neither the theosophists

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of the Gnosis nor the sectarian enthusiasts from Phrygia (later reinforced by the keen pen of Tertullian), not even Origen's genius had been able to influence the Church's tradition of faith." The two Dutch scholars are of the opinion that the attempts of Constantine and his sons and successors to achieve doctrinal settlements at the imperial level "failed utterly." The ultimate formulation of Christology remained with the bishops, they say, "rather than the Caesars and the intuition of the gifted few."

There is enough material in that paragraph to keep the more perceptive theologian, the sociologist of religion, and the historian occupied for quite a while. What it says is that the emerging faith emerged, conserved by a body of men whose vocation from God it is to be conservative. What it does not say is how the learned of every cast of mind (not just the two singled out) or the politically powerful influenced this emergence. In that omission and in its implications the paragraph offends seriously.

Dr. Gabriel Moran is a learned man. He has also been influential in the emergence of the faith of the Roman Catholic community in this country at this time. Being a Catholic, he knows that "The episcopal role is to devise ways to preserve the gospel of Jesus Christ" (p. 149). He adds immediately, however, that "The supposition that the bishop is the teacher of the diocese and that religion teachers in the schools are an extension of the bishop is simply a fallacy that must be put to rest." This is not the harsh judgment that it may appear out of context. It comes toward the end of the book's main argument and flows from it. That argument is worth careful scrutiny.

In earlier chapters education in the modern world is defined as a matter of search and inquiry. The conservation and spread of the Gospel is spoken of as the legitimate work of the church through its bishops. Moran finds the two works if not incompatible at least far from identical. The fact that they have been taken to be one and the same has caused much modern mischief. When all education had an authoritarian character and was identified with the transmission of knowledge and attitudes it made sense for the church to think of itself as an educator. Once education became open-ended, leading the learners wherever the search took them, everything was changed. Moran finds the American Protestant community fifty years ahead of the Catholic in discovering that teaching Christian doctrine is one thing, providing a religious education another.

This slim book has important things to say about theology and about education. Of religious education it says that it does not at present exist among Catholics but must come to rebirth on new terms. A paradox is that theologians who need to read this book are likely to miss it, while religious educators—a largely nonexistent class according to Moran—will devour it. They will learn there that although they are educators they are not especially good ones; neither are they theologians. They are, however, in their wide-ranging interest in the manifestations of the religious spirit (Moran designates this an ecumenical concern) deeper into the work of theology than most theologians who erroneously adhere to the preacher's model. He means by the latter term the faithful transmission of the religious understandings of a particular tradition, in this case the Christian or Catholic.

The reversal he finds is that the theologian is by and large not exploring what it means to be Christian in an age in which the various religious under-

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standings of all mankind are available, while the recently trained religion teacher is; hence the theologian catechizes while the catechist begins to be an educator. The mistake of bishops, who above all are preachers, is that they have placed their faith in education as an extension of their office. If education is true to itself, however, it will find the preacher's mantle resting on its shoulders uneasily. The same should be the case with theology.

If this seems to put bishops in the unenviable position of propagandists for a tradition, Moran reminds the reader that "any message, ecclesiastical or otherwise, cannot be simply identified with God" (p. 42), a caution Yves Congar spelled out a decade ago in John Todd's Anglo-French symposium, *Problems of Authority*. For Moran there is a definite message of Christianity; it is "neither more nor less than an interpretation of the whole of experience." It is a speaking and acting *before* God rather than any claim to speak *for* him. Such a mode of communication does not require Christianity to give up "its symbolism, its doctrine or its rites" (p. 43).

This stance seems to the reviewer, however, to make the position of the theologian, the preacher, and the bishop ambiguous at the very least. What if any or all opt to become religious educators, as teachers of theology in the

Catholic college threaten to do? Is the primary transmission function at an end once any open-ended inquiry sets in? Moran seems to think so, but equally to suppose that enough conservatism will prevail that symbolism, rites, and doctrines will continue; whether intelligently or not he does not say.

His argument depends heavily on the understanding of education as the exploration of the meaning of experience. "Christianity . . . has a place if it is willing to take the humble role of cooperating in the interpretation of human experience," there being no direct route to God which short-circuits this plodding path. The objection likeliest to be lodged against the book by hard-pressed teachers in schools is that it is utopian to take education to be neither more nor less than the interpretation of experience. The author nonetheless takes his stand with Dewey, Cremin, and all the modern apostles of the impossible dream: Holt, Bruner, Phenix, Dennison, Goodman. He will probably be accused of parroting them whereas he gives evidence of understanding them and agreeing.

The chief plea made by the book is one in favor of religious education. If that art comes to birth it will necessarily be an adult enterprise—but not "adult education." In the process of learning to become the educators of children, those adults who are Christians will learn what to say to them—but mostly what not to say to them—about faith. Obviously the preacher too has some such educator's function, though he is not an educator in the same sense. The major disappointment I encountered in these pages was their confinement to the problems of educators in schools. That is strange since I happen to be one of them. But whereas I know something about a state university's possibilities in keeping a sense of religion alive, I should have welcomed a lengthier discussion of the church's possibilities in keeping Christianity alive through the preacher's model. The volume is small and accomplishes what it sets out to do. I do not fault it so much as point out its most evident omission.

In Moran's discussion of the superiority of intelligence, defined as man's capacity to deal with life as a whole, to reason, or the drawing of conclusions from established premises, he gives his first attention in print (that I am aware of) to the social system that current political and educational patterns maintain. He has the whole thing straight: the advancement of the majority at the

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expense of the minority (in other countries the reverse). The result is a violent frustration of large populations at the irrational character of a life so conceived. "It is frightening, almost beyond endurance, to discover that the world one has identified as one's own is the tip of a volcano" (p. 58). Having identified the social evil that attends much of life in this country he then goes on to make a cerebral case for the wholeness of human life. Even so, the prospect of Moran as an agent of social change is encouraging.

The book ends with the logical conclusion, given its premises, that the Christian religion should not be taught formally to the young but that the church's efforts at formal education at all levels should continue undiminished. The conclusion may not suit a large segment of the book's readership but it suits this reader. I have but one cavil. I can see the act of faith it makes in the ultimate formation of the Christion adult, but miss its implications for the education of a clergy. That body seems fated to become, in the Moran projection, either uncritical ritualists committed to a sacred *depositum* or educated men whose religiousness is so diffused that they will be able to give an ecumenical education but not preach Christianity. I suspect that the author has foreseen the difficulty. Perhaps we may expect from this non-cleric theologian a badly needed *Design for the Education of Preachers of the Gospel.*

Imperial Tragedy

THOMAS M. COFFEY

World, $12.95

The Rising Sun

JOHN TOLAND

Random House, $12.95

RICHARD HALLORAN

Since the day I first set foot in Japan nearly 15 years ago, I have wondered why the cultured, diligent and orderly people of Japan and the civilized, hard-working and open-hearted people of America fought the long cruel war that was World War II. After considerable experience in Japan, and study of Japanese life, and writing about the Japanese people, whom I believe to be as culturally different from Americans as any on earth, I still don't know. With the passage of time, I've come to believe that nobody knows.

Thomas M. Coffey, in *Imperial Tragedy*, and John Toland, in *The Rising Sun*, have written long and excellent reports about the war and what happened. They have researched their subject well and have produced lively, readable, and at times moving accounts of the people who fought the war. They have rightly focused on the leaders but have given ample attention to the soldiers and civilians who enjoyed the exhilaration of triumph and suffered the agony of defeat.

Coffey wrote only of the Japanese, concentrating on the beginning in December, 1941, and the end in August, 1945, and reaching back in each case to pick up whatever threads were needed to make sense of the events during those two months. Toland's account includes both sides but emphasizes the war as seen by the Japanese, beginning with the attempted coup by ultranationalistic young officers on Feb. 26, 1936 and going through to the early days of the American Occupation in September, 1945.

Coffey's book is perhaps the better titled, for he has reconstructed a tragedy that the ancient Greeks might have written. Toland's title, or at least his subtitle, "The Decline and Fall of the Japanese Empire 1936-1945," is a bit misleading. A good case could be made that the decline did not begin until the Battle of Midway in June, 1942. But that is a minor point.

The weakness of both books, which is probably inherent in the nature of episodic history, is that neither gives a satisfying solution to the fundamental question that both authors set out to answer. Toland said in his foreword: "Why did a country the size of California launch the suicidal attack on Pearl Harbor which involved it in a death struggle with an enemy ten times

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stronger? Was war between the two nations, which today find so much in common, inevitable and essential?" Coffey did not state the question but implied it. Yet only occasionally did the authors step back from the mass of intricate detail that each had woven together so skillfully to say why he thought events turned the way they did, or even speculate on what it was all about.

Nonetheless, there are scattered passages in both of the books that go part way toward an answer. One in Coffey's book is particularly good. During the early morning hours of Aug. 15, 1945, the day on which the Emperor was to announce the surrender at noon, the Minister of War, General Korechika Anami, prepared to commit suicide in the traditional manner of cutting open his belly with a short sword. Coffey wrote: "A man like Anami, devoted to Japanese traditions, could not escape the feeling that the power of the West had stripped his country of everything it once held dear. Since the invasion by America's Admiral Perry, Western science, Western technology, Western thought, the Western way of life had increasingly weakened or superseded much of Japan's long-honored life style. Western technology was so irresistible it had even forced Japan to abandon the highly codified martial behavior of the samurai and make war in the Western way. Now Japan was about to absorb the ultimate disgrace of losing in the Western way. Surrender was not a Japanese but a Western tradition, and it was the one Western tradition Anami could not bear to accept. Instead, he was about to embrace a still-honored Japanese tradition which would save him from having to witness it."

Toland's book is especially good on the blundering and miscalculation of both sides of the Pacific in the days leading up to the attack on Pearl Harbor. He quotes from a telegram to Secretary of State Cordell Hull sent by Ambassador Joseph C. Grew, who had labored diligently and patiently in Tokyo to avert war. Grew perceptively cabled: "The ambassador stresses the importance of understanding Japanese psychology, fundamentally unlike that of any Western nation. Japanese reactions to any particular set of circumstances cannot be measured, nor can Japanese actions be predicted by any Western measuring rod." In another cable to Washington, Grew warned that "the ambassador's purpose is only to ensure against the United States becoming involved in war with Japan because of any possible misconception of Japan's capacity to rush headlong into a suicidal struggle against the United States. While national sanity dictates against such action, Japanese sanity cannot be measured by American standards of logic."

Toland sums up the miscalculations thus: "A war that need not have been fought was about to be fought because of mutual misunderstanding, language difficulties, and mistranslations as well as Japanese opportunism, gekokujo (insubordination), irrationality, honor, pride and fear—and American racial prejudice, distrust, ignorance of the Orient, rigidity, self-righteousness, honor, national pride and fear."

There are lessons to be learned from all of this, obviously. It would seem fair to say that the Americans and the Russians learned them at least partly during the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, when one more miscalculation on either side could have blown all of us sky high. But then there is Vietnam, and one wonders whether the lessons have been learned in either Washington or Hanoi.

IN BRIEF

How to Change the Schools. By Ellen Lurie. Random House, $7.95. Vintage paperback, $2.95.

A decade of battling by people like Mrs. Lurie has made dents in the New York City school system, although not so as to budge the iron-clad monster known as "central headquarters." Mrs. Lurie has to set down her experiences like some Guevara instructing others in educational insurgency.

She not only suggests how to recruit

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good teachers but how to get rid of bad ones. Do you have a "Truly Terrible Principal"? See Chapter Six. An eminently down-to-earth "parents' action handbook on how to fight the system," its basic premise is that parents have a right to know what goes on in their children's schools and to change it if they want to. Sounds reasonable, no? But try to apply that premise, whether to public or parochial schools, and you will . . . well, you will need Mrs. Lurie's book. P.S.

The Evolution of Christian Thought. By T. A. Burkill. Cornell University Press, $12.50.

Durkill offers an informative 500-page narrative which historians and theologians can well consult as a reference work. Students can read here for an initial orientation in the thought of Christian writers from Papius and Polycarp to Tillich and Teilhard. Factual surveys introduce larger movements like Nicene Christology, conciliarism, modern biblical criticism, and Vatican II's renewal. Only the naive will mistake reading these brief presentations for truly encountering the significant articulations of Christian belief and self-understanding. The summations are skeletal and cold; only rarely is reference made to the searching, prayer, and worship that penetrate all this Christian cerebration.

The small flaws are many. No reference is made to the Johannine stream of New Testament thought. A bias against monasticism recurs. There is scant attention given to Ockham and to the roots he laid for modern empiricism. Many will dislike Burkill's choice of Abelard, Marsilius of Padua, Wyclif, and Voltaire as heroes. But the usefulness of his book is not thereby destroyed. The breadth of treatment amazes and the factual material given is reliable. The bibliographies of secondary literature in English are selective and generally up to date. A notable exception is the chapter on the Counter Reformation, where the works of Evennett, Dickens, and Olin deserve mention. JARED WICKS

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